

SPAWN

A dramatic comic book cover for Spawn. The title "SPAWN" is at the top in a large, yellow, jagged font with a red outline. A skull with glowing yellow eyes is integrated into the letter "A". The background is a dark, hellish landscape with a large, pale, muscular hand reaching down from the top. In the center, Spawn is shown in a dynamic pose, wearing his signature black and red suit with a long, flowing red cape. He has glowing yellow eyes and is holding a chain. In the bottom right corner, a small figure of Spawn is seen falling or floating in a pool of red, bubbling liquid. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, blacks, and greys, creating a dark and intense atmosphere.

144



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

DEVIL TO PAY pt. 3

PLOT

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SPAWN 143 SUMMARY

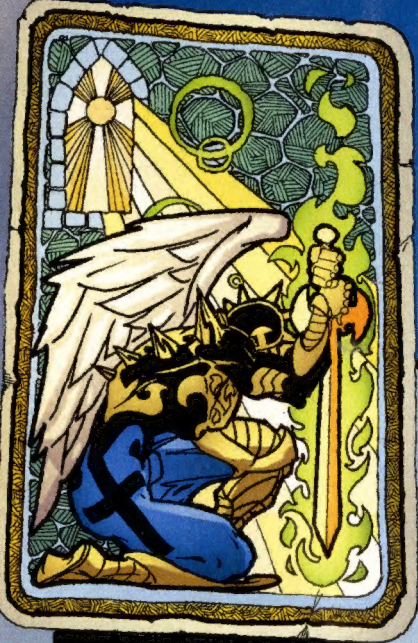
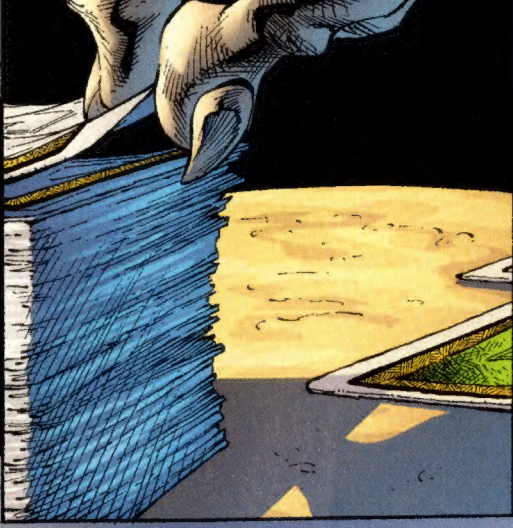
Things have not been what they seem. Spawn, Nyx and The Redeemer have all played right into Mammon's hands. Spawn and The Redeemer fight among themselves, with Spawn pinning down The Redeemer and threatening him with his own sword.

Mammon reveals to Nyx that she has not only betrayed Spawn, but was also tricked into giving Mammon her connection with the Hellspawn. And it should only be a matter of time before the world finds out what Mammon plans to do with this newfound power.



TODD McFARLANE
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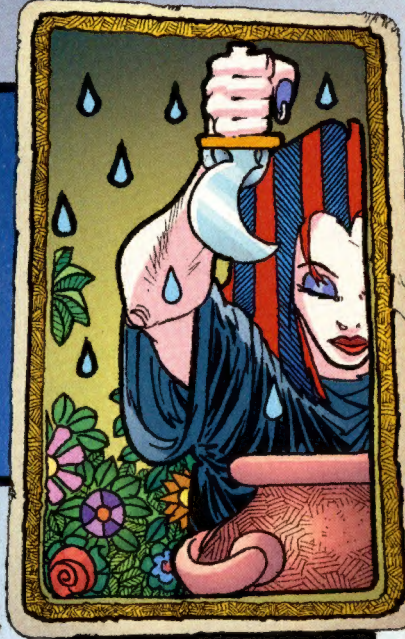




THE KNIGHT - Shown in profile, kneeling in supplication. He is the sword of justice and the light of heaven. His flaming sword burns away all forms of deceit and reveals things as they truly are. Sworn as he is to the cause of righteousness, the Knight often struggles between earthly temptation and his higher impulses.



THE DRAGON - Shown bursting forth from the netherworlds, cloaked in blood-shadows and Hell-fire. His is a deep and ancient power, born in darkness. He is a creature of vengeance and his anger, once awoken, is unquenchable. The Dragon's mighty armor conceals a single weak spot; find it and you may defeat him.



THE WITCH - Stands in a midnight garden, gazing into her cauldron, the moon-blade raised in her right hand. She represents fertility and the vitality of the natural world. She holds the wisdom of the moon and is a keeper of secrets. The Witch is a creature of shifting agendas and it may not always be wise to trust her.

THE KNIGHT HUNTS THE DRAGON...THE DRAGON HUNTS THE WITCH...ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES...



BEG ME.
PLEAD FOR
MERCY.

AND I
WILL SHOW YOU
ALL THE MERCY
HEAVEN SHOWED
ME.

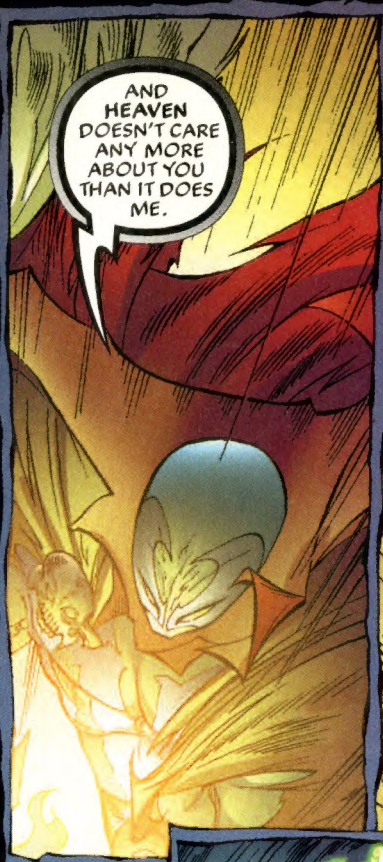
UHHN.

IT'S TIME YOU
CAME BACK DOWN
TO EARTH. TIME YOU
WALLOWED AROUND IN
THE DIRT AND GRIME
WITH THE REST
OF US.

THERE IS
NO RIGHTEOUS-
NESS.

AAAAAAH!

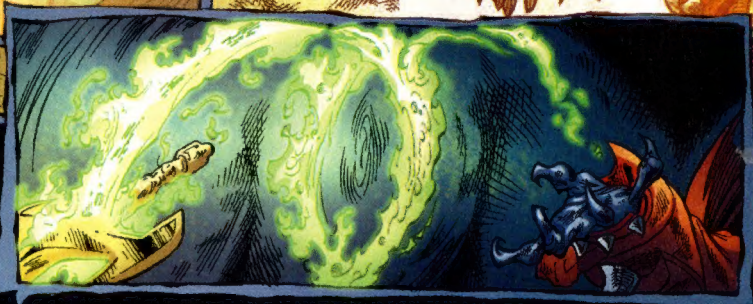
THERE
ARE NO
BLESSED.



AND
HEAVEN
DOESN'T CARE
ANY MORE
ABOUT YOU
THAN IT DOES
ME.



THU
MPP!



FORGIVE
ME,
FATHER...

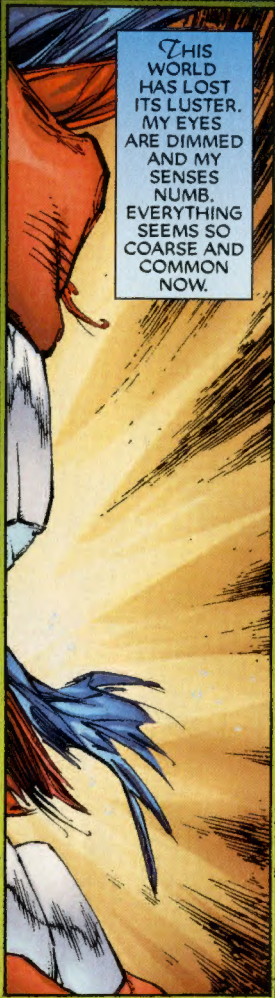


...I WAS
WEAK...





... AND
I HAVE
FAILED
YOU...




THIS
WORLD
HAS LOST
ITS LUSTER.
MY EYES
ARE DIMMED
AND MY
SENSES
NUMB.
EVERYTHING
SEEMS SO
COARSE AND
COMMON
NOW.

I MADE A BARGAIN AND
MY POWER WAS FORFEIT.


MY SISTER MOON RISES
IN THE NIGHT'S SEA,
GAZING DOWN AT ME.
I FEAR HER JUDGMENT.

I WAS RASH AND
I WAS FOOLISH.


AND I
BROKE THE
FIRST LAW:
TO DO NO
HARM.




I BEG HER FOR
FORGIVENESS,
WITHOUT ANY
EXPECTATION.



I KNOW
I AM NOT
WORTHY, BUT
SOMETIMES
SHE IS KIND.



HER JUDGMENT
COMES ON BLACK
SILKEN WINGS...



...WITH A
FIERCE BEAK
AND SHARP
CLAWS.

THE SHRILL,
DISSONANT
SCREAMS ARE
DEAFENING. BUT
THE MESSAGE IS
UNMISTAKABLE.

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

KAW

I AM
CONDEMNED.

OUTCAST.

THE CIRCLE
IS BROKEN.

AND I AM
ALONE.

THE GARDEN -

A flowering tree stands in the center of a fragrant landscape. The light of the first dawn creeps over the horizon. It is the beginning of all things, the glorious bounty of new creation, ripe with possibility. Wisdom, knowledge, peace and kindness all blossom like fruit on the vine. Yet even in the Garden, there are serpents.



THE TOWER -

The Tower stretches ever higher into the storm-scarred heavens, disappearing into the gloom of clouds. It is a monument to the soul's foolish quest to seek knowledge that is forbidden to it. It is rebellion and hubris that dares to cross borders and to unmake the laws older than time. It is at once an act of war and an act of hope.



THE PIT -

Naked bodies are cast into the depths where they are devoured by devil and demon alike, tragic grist for the infernal mill. The sky above roils with blood and brimstone. Souls writhe in agony and scream for release but are denied all mercy. No matter how many sinners are tossed into its gaping maw, the Pit is never sated.





WHERE...
WHERE AM
I...


I...
I KNOW
YOU...

LET HIM
BE. HIS ROLE IN
OUR LITTLE DRAMA
IS DONE. FOR
THE MOMENT,
AT LEAST.

HE IS OF
NO CONCERN
TO US. WE
HAVE GREATER
MATTERS TO
DISCUSS.

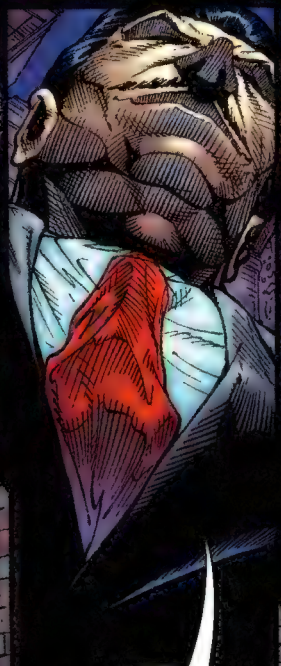
YOU!
YOU ARE
BEHIND
THIS!

OF
COURSE
I AM. I AM
BEHIND A
GREAT
MANY
THINGS.



I SENT THAT
IDIOT **CLOWN** TO BREAK
YOU TO PIECES, LEAVE YOU
WEAK AND VULNERABLE.
I DROVE YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE FRIEND TO
BETRAY YOU.

I
BARGAINED
WITH THE
WITCH, GAVE
HER EXACTLY
WHAT SHE
THOUGHT
SHE
WANTED.



OH,
SHE DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS
ME SHE WAS
DEALING WITH.
IN FACT, SHE
THOUGHT SHE
HAD GOTTEN
THE BETTER
OF ME.

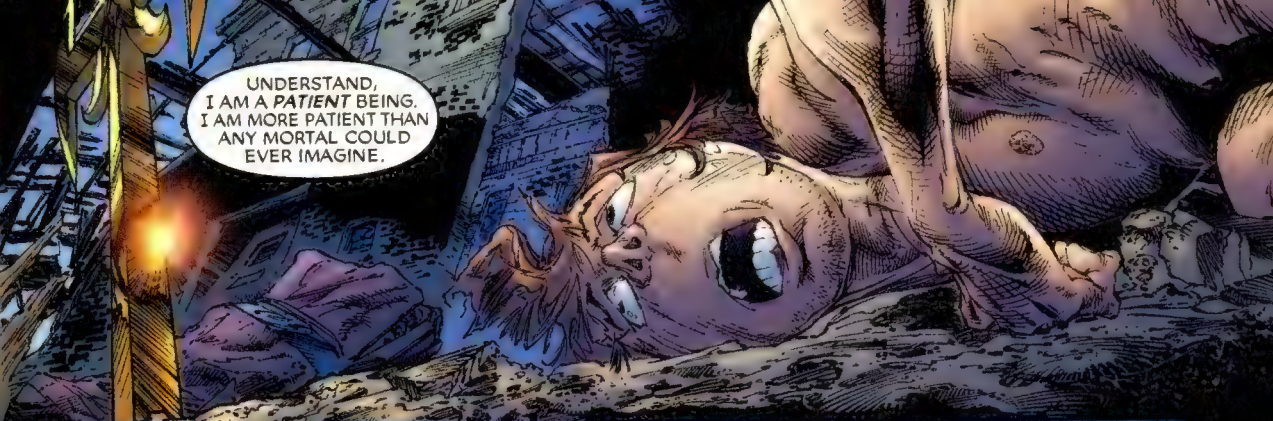


DO
YOU KNOW
WHAT SHE
GAVE UP IN
EXCHANGE?
YOU CAN
GUESS, CAN'T
YOU?




HER
POWER.

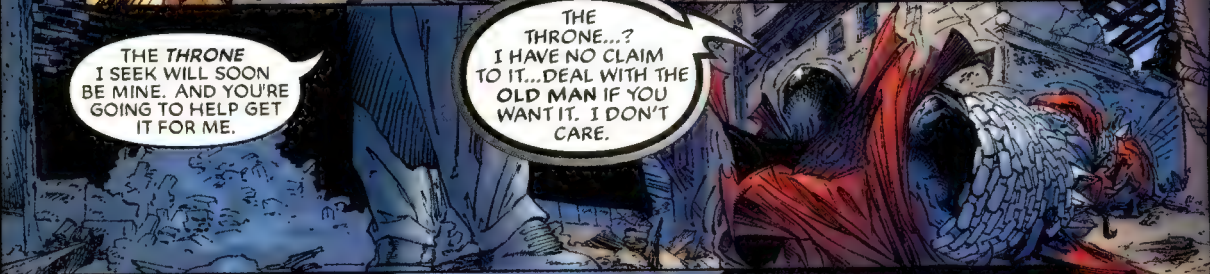
HER
POWER
OVER
YOU.



UNDERSTAND,
I AM A PATIENT BEING.
I AM MORE PATIENT THAN
ANY MORTAL COULD
EVER IMAGINE.



THE WHEELS
OF CREATION TURN
SLOWLY, BUT TURN
THEY DO. AND HISTORY
HAS COME AROUND
AT LAST.




THE THRONE
I SEEK WILL SOON
BE MINE. AND YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP GET
IT FOR ME.

THE
THRONE...?
I HAVE NO CLAIM
TO IT...DEAL WITH THE
OLD MAN IF YOU
WANT IT. I DON'T
CARE.

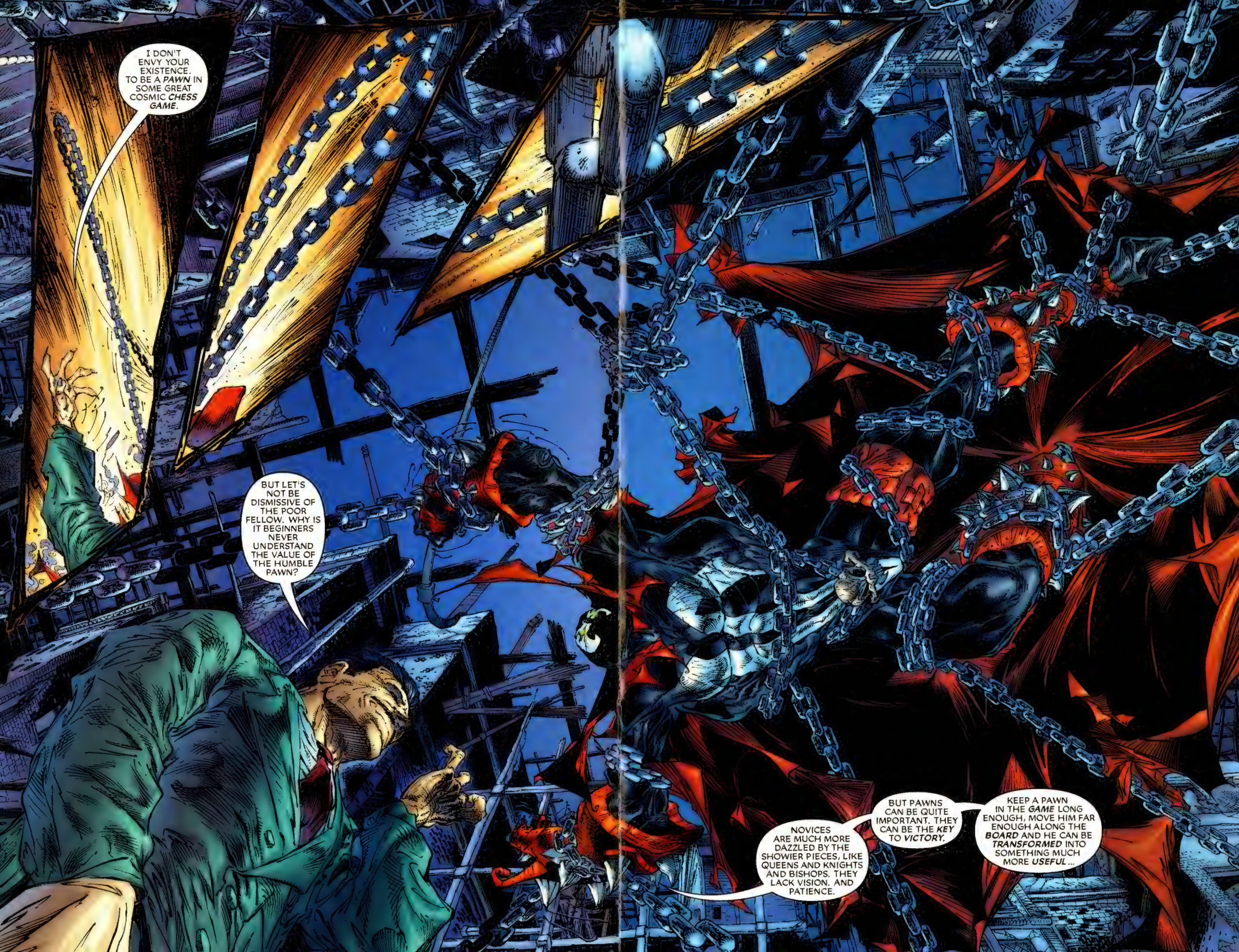


I NEVER
WANTED
IT.

SUCH A
FOOLISH THING
YOU ARE.
ALWAYS SLOW TO
SEE THE BIG
PICTURE.



IT'S NOT
THE THRONE
OF HELL I
WANT.



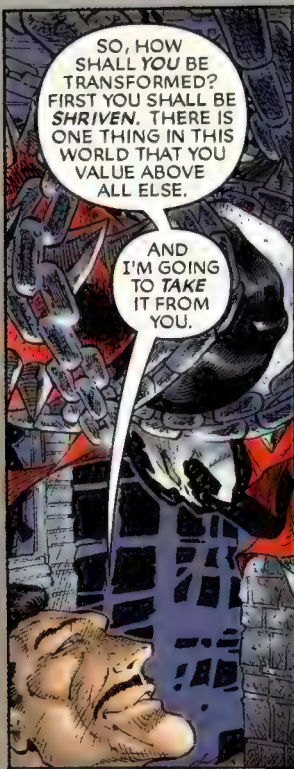
I DON'T
ENVY YOUR
EXISTENCE.
TO BE A PAWN IN
SOME GREAT
COSMIC CHESS
GAME.

BUT LET'S
NOT BE
DISMISSIVE OF
THE POOR
FELLOW. WHY IS
IT BEGINNERS
NEVER
UNDERSTAND
THE VALUE OF
THE HUMBLE
PAWN?

NOVICES
ARE MUCH MORE
DAZZLED BY THE
SHOWIER PIECES, LIKE
QUEENS AND KNIGHTS
AND BISHOPS. THEY
LACK VISION. AND
PATIENCE.

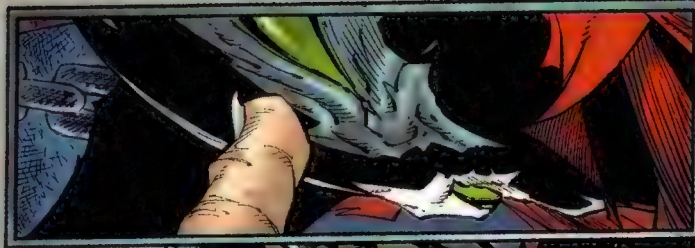
BUT PAWNS
CAN BE QUITE
IMPORTANT. THEY
CAN BE THE KEY
TO VICTORY.

KEEP A PAWN
IN THE GAME LONG
ENOUGH, MOVE HIM FAR
ENOUGH ALONG THE
BOARD AND HE CAN BE
TRANSFORMED INTO
SOMETHING MUCH
MORE USEFUL ...



SO, HOW SHALL YOU BE TRANSFORMED? FIRST YOU SHALL BE **SHRIVEN**. THERE IS ONE THING IN THIS WORLD THAT YOU VALUE ABOVE ALL ELSE.

AND I'M GOING TO TAKE IT FROM YOU.

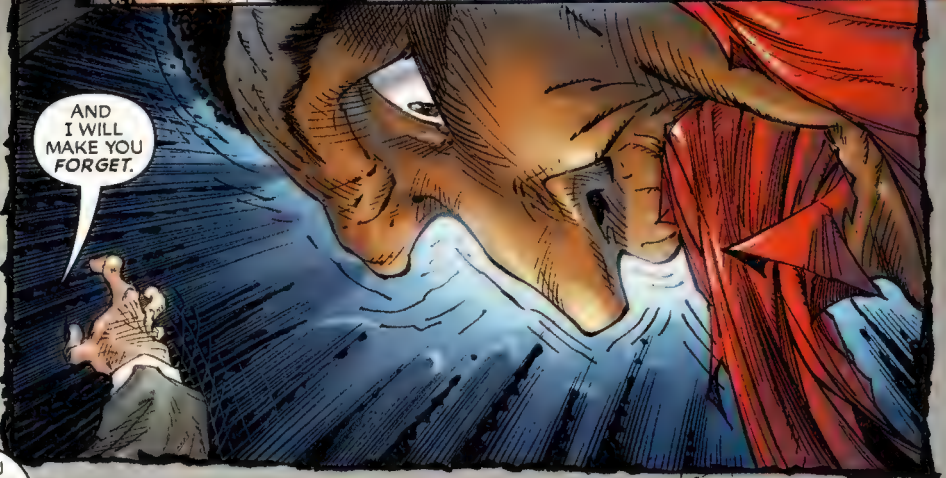


WHAT ARE YOU--?

AND THEN I'M GOING TO TELL YOU **EXACTLY** HOW THIS GAME IS GOING TO END.



AND I WILL MAKE YOU **FORGET**.



BUT YOU WILL CARRY THAT AWFUL KNOWLEDGE AROUND, LOCKED INSIDE YOU, UNTIL I CALL UPON YOU TO ACT...

AND THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

BUT FIRST, AS I SAID, I'M GOING TO TAKE SOMETHING FROM YOU. I WANT YOU TO FOCUS YOUR MIND ON HER, ONE LAST TIME.

THOSE TWO LITTLE SYLLABLES THAT RING LIKE CHURCH BELLS IN YOUR SOUL...



WANDA.





MMMPHUH-
PHUMPHUH



THAT
MOMENT...



THE FIRST TIME
YOU MET, YOUR
EYES LOCKING FOR A
MOMENT, HOLDING,
DESPERATE TO MAKE
THAT SECOND
STRETCH INTO AN
ETERNITY.


YOU KNEW,
EVEN THEN, AT
THAT MOMENT,
DIDN'T YOU?



GONE.



ALL THE
MEMORIES, ALL
THE MOMENTS, EVERY
THOUGHT AND WISH
AND DREAM. I AM
TAKING THEM FROM
YOU. I AM SETTING
YOU FREE.

A man with a mustache, wearing a brown suit and a white shirt with a red tie, is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with a pained or nostalgic expression. His hands are raised towards a large, glowing sphere in the center of the page. The sphere contains a man and a woman in formal wedding attire, looking at each other. The background is a dark, starry space filled with numerous smaller spheres, each containing a different memory or scene. The overall color palette is dominated by blues and purples, with a bright light source emanating from the right side, creating a lens flare effect.

THE FIRST TIME YOUR HANDS
TOUCHED, THAT GENTLE CURRENT
THAT FLOWED BETWEEN YOU,
LIKE FEATHERS AND LIGHTNING...
IT'S GONE NOW.

NEVER TO BE
REMEMBERED
AGAIN.

THE FIRST TENTATIVE
KISS... GONE. THE
SECOND... HUNGRIER,
MORE URGENT...
GONE. AND ALL THE
KISSES THAT
FOLLOWED.

THE SCENT OF HER
HAIR... THE CURVE OF
HER BACK... THE
LIGHT IN HER EYES.

GONE.

GONE.

GONE.

THE WARMTH OF HER FLESH,
THE WEIGHT OF YOUR BODY ON
HERS, THE FIRST TIME SHE CRIED
OUT IN CARNAL BLISS... GONE.

THAT WALK DOWN THE AISLE,
THE NAIVE PROMISES AND
THE BOLD DREAMS OF A
PERFECT FUTURE... ALL GONE.

YOUR FEARS AND
JEALOUSIES AND YOUR
GUILT FOR HAVING EVER
DOUBTED... GONE.

EVERY FIGHT...
EVERY LAUGH...
EVERY SEEMINGLY
MUNDANE
MOMENT THAT
YOU NOW
TREASURE MORE
HIGHLY THAN
GOLD... THEY'RE
ALL YOU HAVE
LEFT...

ONE BY ONE THEY ALL FADE
AND VANISH AND ARE GONE.

UNTIL ALL
THAT IS LEFT
IS JUST THE
FAINTEST
GHOST OF A
MEMORY...

THE
REMEMBRANCE
OF SOMEBODY
WHO SHINED
BRIGHTLY FOR
YOU AND
WARMED YOU
LIKE THE SUN...
A STAR TO SET
YOUR SAILS
BY...

THE
KNOWLEDGE
THAT ONCE
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
PURE AND
GOOD IN
YOUR LIFE,
IF ONLY FOR
A MOMENT...

AND NOW,
EVEN THAT
SAD MEMORY
IS GONE.

GONE FOREVER.

AS IF
IT NEVER
EXISTED AT
ALL.





THE EMPEROR -

He sits on this throne at the center of all things, regarding the whole of creation. With the blink of an eye, a universe comes into being and then, just as quickly, it expires. He seeks constancy in a world of ever-shifting fates. He is convinced that he alone will survive the winds of change. Pride will be his downfall.



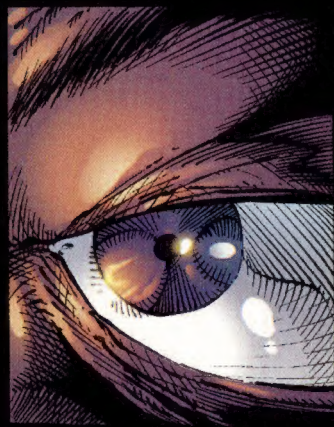
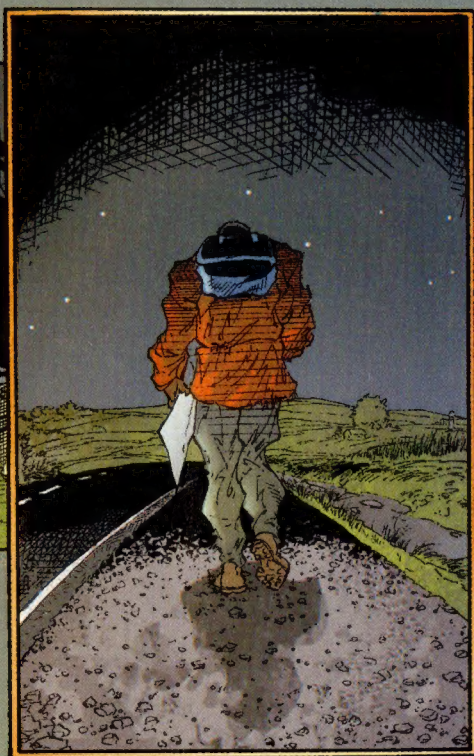
THE HERMIT -

A wizened old man, he looks down from a great height at the child he once was. Cut off from the din and distractions of the common world, he seeks refuge in his solitude. He has abandoned his past and pities the folly of the crowd. The Hermit waits for wisdom, but he is not sure that it will come.



THE FOOL -

The Fool walks alone on the moonlit road as he sets out to seek his fortune in the wide world...







Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE